VAMPIRELLA
Sad Tales of Lonely Men
dusko 95

JOSKO
95

dusko '95

VAMPIRELLA®

Sad Wings of Destiny

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Pendragon sequence by Louis Small Jr. & Caesar 1-3, 28

VAMPIRELLA'S JOURNAL

Pendragon by Rudy D. Nebres 4
Drakulon by Jim Silke 6
The Cult of Chaos by Mark Beachum 8
Adam Van Helsing by Amanda Conner & Jimmy Palmiotti 10
Dracula by Scott Hampton 12
The Blood Red Queen of Hearts by Michael Bair 14
Pantha by Alan Davis & Mark Farmer 16
The Dracula War by Louis Small Jr. & Rob Stull 18
Hemorrhage by Nelson 20
Lilith by Jimmy Palmiotti & Al Williamson 22
Mistress Nyx by Gary Frank & Cam Smith 24
The Death of Adam Van Helsing by Caesar & Michael Bair 26

Talent Ledger 29
Bibliography 30
Vampirella by José Gonzalez 32

Written by David Quinn & Sean Fernald
Lettered by Hugh Monhan
Colors by Brian Haberlin & Haberlin Studios
Editor David Bogart
Assistant Editor Lin Leng
Art Direction Mark Mazz

Haberlin Studios:
Dan Kemp, Rob Chong, Rosie Chong

Film Output:
Kell-O-Graphics

THE VOICE THAT BECKONED TO ME FROM THE DARKEST CORNER OF MY LIBRARY WAS FAMILIAR. SO WAS THE TONE OF THE SWEET, THOUGH DESPERATELY ENTREATING WORDS...
COME, I NEED YOU...
I NEED YOU... PLEASE.
THE ONLY THING EXCEPTIONAL WAS... IT WAS THE VOICE OF MY VAMPIRELLA.
AND VAMPIRELLA IS DEAD.

I KNEW THAT OUTSIDE MY SHELTERING WALLS, MANKIND WAS SLOWLY REALIZING A WORLD WITHOUT VAMPIRELLA...
... WAS A WORLD WITHOUT HER BRIGHT, SAVAGE HOPE FOR THE BEST... WITHIN US.
MERE DARKNESS NOW SEEMED... OVERWHELMING. BUT NO ONE FELT THE LOSS MORE COMPLETELY THAN...
"... PENDRAGON... IF YOU ARE READING THIS, I CAN NO LONGER SPEAK FOR MYSELF."
HOW DID SHE MANAGE TO CREATE THIS... WITHOUT MY PERCEPTION?
AND WHY WRITE IT... TO ME?
UNABLE TO SHARE SECRETS WITH A HEARTLESS, DEAD JOURNAL, I FOUND I COULD ADDRESS THEM TO MY DEAREST FRIEND.
ONCE AGAIN, YOU ARE MY COMPASS, MY TOUCHSTONE TO HUMANITY, PERHAPS EVEN TO REALITY.
I WAS DIZZY HEARING HER AGAIN, SOMEHOW... TOUCHING PAGES SHE WROTE ON...
... PAGES STAINED WITH A SINGLE DROP OF HER BLOOD...
...TREMBLING...
...AND IT WASN'T JUST THE WINE I'D BEEN DRINKING SO LIBERALLY SINCE HER DEATH...

...IT FELT LIKE... SOME STRANGE NEW MAGICK!
I WASN'T READING THE JOURNAL, BUT LIVING IT!
IF I CAN FEEL HER LIKE THIS, I PRAYED IN SECRET, MAYBE HOPE WAS NOT DEAD.
I BEGAN THIS JOURNAL AFTER A HORRIBLE DREAM MADE ME CONFRONT MY OWN MORTALITY.
IF I WERE TO DIE, I ASKED MYSELF, WHO WOULD BE SURE WHAT I LIVED FOR DID NOT FADE, TOO?
WELL, WHO ELSE? YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THERE, WILL ALWAYS BE THERE, FOR ME.
DEAD, I DESIRE NO TEARS -- I KNOW YOU WILL RISE TO MY CHALLENGE!
INDEED. THUS, THOUGH SECLUDED IN MY LIBRARY, I FOUND MYSELF FALLING INTO PANDORA'S BOX... ONCE OPENED, THERE WAS NO CLOSING THE LID ON THE PRIVATE HORRORS... AND MIRACLES OF MY VAMPIRELLA. AND EXISTENCE FOR ME, WAS NEVER GOING TO BE THE SAME...

AH, SWEET, SAD PENDRAGON--SHOWMAN, MADMAN, ANGEL! I SEE YOURSELF AS I DO, IN OUR BITTERSWEET DAYS; IN THE INNOCENCE AND FLASH OF ACKERMAN'S MAMMOTH CARNIVAL! I INDULGED YOUR "FOND DEDICATION TO THE GRAPE," AS YOU CALLED IT. YOU ACCEPTED MY MORE SANGUINE THIRST.

YOU ARE NOT LIKE OTHER MEN. YOU TOOK ME AS I WAS AND MADE ME YOUR CENTERPIECE. WAS I ASSISTING YOU WITH YOUR "TATTY LITTLE BIT OF SMOKE AND GREASEPAINT?" OR WERE YOU SETTING THE STAGE FOR A HUNTRESS TO SATISFY HER DESIRE TO ACT WITHIN THE TRAGICOMEDY GOING ON **OUTSIDE** THE THEATERS AND CARNIVAL TENTS?

ENCOUNTERS WITH MONSTERS OF THE HUMAN KIND HAVE TAUGHT ME COMPASSION. I NOW UNDERSTAND YOUR DEPENDENCE UPON SPIRITS. IT MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIBLE TO IMAGINE OPENING YOURSELF SOBERLY TO THE POTENTIAL OF YOUR TRUE MAGIC. AND SO, THOUGH I KNOW YOU BLUSH TO READ THIS, THOSE WHO LOVED YOU LET YOU HIDE YOUR TRUE LIGHT BEHIND THE RAZZLE-DAZZLE.

KEEPING UP A NON-STOP, 100-PROOF PATTER, YOU PLAYED THE SHOWMAN SUPREME. BUT I KNOW THAT ONE DAY SOON, YOU WILL RISE TO ASSUME THE RESPONSIBILITY OF YOUR TRUE POWER, DON'T DENY ME THAT.!

OF ALL THE HUMANS I HAVE LET INTO MY LIFE, YOU HOLD THE BEST OF ME--WHEN YOU HAVE FELT WHAT I HAVE FELT, YOU WILL KNOW WHY YOU ALONE CAN CARRY ON FOR ME.! I IMPLORE YOU, DEAR MAN, OPEN MY BOOK, TOUCH MY PAGES, SEE THROUGH MY EYES.!

YOU NEVER FELT THE RARE AND FATAL BEAUTY OF DRAKULON, BACK WHEN HER AIR WAS WET, AND SCENTED WITH BLOOD. YOU HEARD THE LORE. A GENTLE BREED BENT TO DRINK THEIR FILL OF HER IRON-RICH WATERS OF LIFE, AND LOOKED NO FURTHER, NEVER THINKING OF OTHER WORLDS, OTHER PEOPLE. BURNISHED BRONZE TOWERS THRUST VAINLY INTO SCARLET SKIES. OUR EDEN, WE WERE SO CERTAIN, WOULD LAST FOREVER.

A WALK UPON MY MOTHERWORLD, MY LEGENDARY HOME, WOULD HELP YOU KNOW WHAT A STRANGER I WAS IN YOURS, DEAR PENDRAGON. HUMANKIND CLINGS TO ITS NAIVETE, AS WE DID. BUT WHEN OUR TWIN SUSTAINING SUNS, SATYR AND CIRCE, SOURCE OF OUR OCEANS OF CRIMSON LIFE, BURNED OUT, WE WERE HUMBLED.

IT WAS TOO LATE TO COLONIZE NEW WORLDS. WE HAD MIRED OURSELVES IN OURSELVES UNTIL WE WERE FIT FOR NO MORE THAN CRIMSON DUST. A BLISSFUL ACCIDENT, A STRAY N.A.S.A. SPACE-PROBE, OFFERED ME AN ESCAPE, A SECOND CHANCE. I VOWED I WOULD NEVER LOOK BACK, BUT I THINK YOU ALWAYS KNEW THAT WAS A LIE.

SOMETIMES MY ORIGINS SEEM DREAMLIKE, LIKE STORIES YOU READ TO ME TO IMPROVE MY LANGUAGE = ROSE RED, THE SONG OF ROLAND, GANESHA. ADAM AND EVE. OLD TALES. YOU DABBLED IN ALIEN PSYCHOLOGY, PENDRAGON. YOU ONCE TOLD ME THE MIND WOULD ALWAYS CLOAK THE MOST PAINFUL REALITY IN FANTASY -- BUT IF MEMORIES OF DRAKULON ARE PHANTASMS, WHY THEN DO I STILL TASTE THE SWEETNESS OF HER CRIMSON RIVERS?

TURN NOW FROM BITTERSWEET MEMORIES TO THOSE I CATEGORIZE AS IRRITATING. HERETIC BIBLIOPHILES STAKE A LOOSELY DOCUMENTED CLAIM THAT THE CRIMSON CHRONICLES, THE SACRED TEXT OF THE CULT OF CHAOS, IS A PAINSTAKINGLY-INTRICATE PERVERSION OF APOCRYPHAL PASSAGES FROM YOUR BIBLE, KORAN, AND TALMUD./ OR SO DR. VAN HELSING ONCE TOLD ME. HAVING FACED THE CULT OF CHAOS AND THEIR SPAWN MORE THAN ONCE, I AM NOT SURPRISED.

TO THE CULT, THE ONLY SIN IS TO ABSTAIN FROM ABSOLUTE DEBAUCHERY, SIN IS SACRED, PERPETUAL DARKNESS IS DIVINE, AND DEATH IS THE BEGINNING. WHEN I FIRST ENCOUNTERED THEM, I WAS CHOSEN AS THE MADONNA TO THEIR DARK GOD.

NOW, MY OLD, UNWHOLESOME ENEMY HAS OPENED ITS MOUTH ONCE MORE, BREATHING OUT ITS CORRUPTING DEAD BREATH, TO SHAPE CHAOS IN A FEMALE FORM, NYX.

I HAVE TOLD YOU OF THIS DREAM, AND THIS POSSIBLE END. WOULD IT NOT BE SWEET AND FITTING IRONY IF THE CHRONICLES ARE ACCURATE... AND MY DEATH IS THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE CULT OF CHAOS? BUT LET'S NOT THINK OF THAT NOW.

THE JOURNAL YOU HOLD IS NOT JUST A WRITTEN RECORD; A PART OF ME LIVES EVERY TIME YOU OPEN MY BOOK AND INTERACT. IRONIC, ISN'T IT-- I, WHO NO LONGER HAVE A MOUTH TO TASTE, NOR ANY OF THE SENSES, CAN STILL FLARE UP IN THEIR FIRE. I'LL MAKE YOU COMPREHEND, DEAR PENDRAGON, BY MENTIONING A NAME -- ADAM.

JUST BREATHING HIS NAME, IT IS AS IF HIS FLESH BRUSHES MY LIPS, I SMELL HIS HAIR, GROW WARM TO ENFOLD HIM, SQUEEZE HIS PALMS AS HIS HANDS COVER ME. WATCH OVER HIM, PENDRAGON, IF I AM GONE. ONLY YOU AND I KNOW, HE HIDES A DARKER SIDE, FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

NOT EVERYONE APPROVED OF OUR UNION, OF COURSE. I CAN STILL HEAR THE OLD MAN: "ONE NIGHT, AN UNCONTROLLABLE URGE TO BREAK HER BLOOD-FAST WILL SEIZE HER, AND THE BOY'S JUGULAR VEIN WON'T STAND A CHANCE! THE SUCCUBUS MAY DELAY HER PROFANE FEAST AT THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE -- BUT NOT FOREVER!"

LET'S BE HONEST, SHALL WE? THAT IRISH ACTOR, WHOSE NAME ELUDES ME, WHO DRAMATIZED DRACULA'S TRAGEDY AS A GOTHIC ROMANCE, COMPLETE WITH COW-BOY SUITORS, PALE-SKINNED TEMPTRES-SES, AND A CONVENIENT EXECUTION OF THE VAMPIRE AT THE FINALE. ADAM'S FATHER, CONRAD VAN HELSING CLAIMED TO BE A DESCENDANT OF TRANSFUSION-HAPPY ABRAHAM VAN HELSING IN THAT SILLY BOOK!

TALK ABOUT LIVING IN FANTASY THE VAMPIRES ARE HERE, OLD MAN, AS YOUR SON WOULD SAY, "DEAL WITH IT." BUT I MUST BREAK FROM RECORDING MY INNER LIFE, PENDRAGON, TO "DEAL WITH" MONSTERS OF MY OWN!

CONNER & PALMIOTTI

TONIGHT'S FIRST ENTRY IS SOMETHING OF A CONFESSION, SO BEAR WITH ME, MY DEAR. THERE ARE FEELINGS I COULD NEVER DESCRIBE TO MY LOVER, OR ADMIT TO MYSELF-- ONLY YOU COULD ABSOLVE ME. YOU KNOW ONE OTHER CAPTURED MY IMAGINATION NEARLY AS INTIMATELY AS MY DEAR ADAM.

I MET HIM PLAYING THE STAGECRAFT GAME OF MAGICIAN'S ASSISTANT FOR YOU, YOU OLD HAM, TOURING THE MOUNTAIN TOWNS OF THE CARPATHIANS. I WAS RELATIVELY NEW TO YOUR WORLD, VERY INEXPERIENCED, AT LEAST THEATRICALLY. THE COURT DESIRED A DARKER MASQUERADE; I WAS HIS CHOSEN BRIDE OF CHAOS-- UNTIL THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE CULT OF CHAOS USURPED MY PLACE! THE CULT OF CHAOS, IT SEEMS, NEVER TIRES OF SINGING THE SAME SAD SONG!

FORGIVE ME A LITTLE PRIDE, A LITTLE HOLLOW PRIDE, PERHAPS, IF IT SHOULD COME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, BUT I MADE MY OWN WAY BETROTHED TO NEITHER MAN NOR FALSE GOD.

IT ALL SEEMS FAR AWAY NOW. I WAS SO TORN BETWEEN MY SECRET DESIRE TO ONE DAY PROPOSE TO MY BELOVED ADAM, AND MY FASCINATION--AND I CAN NOW ADMIT IT--FOR DRACULA, FOR HIS MASTERY OF HIS OWN WILL, HIS UNBRIDLED SAVAGE BEAUTY, AND HIS CONSUMMATE EXECUTION OF HIS ROLE WITHIN THE UNIVERSE, I FELT NOT ONLY FASCINATION, BUT PASSION!

CONFESSION OVER. TIME TO DIG DEEPER. I WISH WE DIDN'T HAVE TO REVISIT THIS MOMENT, MY FRIEND. FORGIVE ME, I WASN'T GOING TO RECORD ANYTHING ABOUT HER. BUT THE PAINFUL MYSTERY LINGERS, AND I MUST. SHE HUMILIATED ME BY PLUCKING OUT MY EYES, BUT SHE WOUNDED ME FAR WORSE BY MUTILATING, THEN MURDERING YOU.

YOU MUST FEEL INVISIBLE HANDS AT YOUR RIB CAGE EVERY TIME YOU REMEMBER HOW THE BITCH EARNED HER NAME, THE BLOOD RED QUEEN OF HEARTS.

WHY DO WE CONTINUE TO RELIVE OLD PAIN? I HAVE A THOUGHT. JUST AS OUR BODIES HAD TO BE BROKEN BEFORE THEY COULD BE MENDED BY MOTHER BLITZ AND HER LUNATIC ANGELS, MAYBE TONIGHT YOU GRIEVE FOR ME TO BE WHOLE TOMORROW.

I'M EXHAUSTED, PENDRAGON. I MUST REST. DANSERS PORTER AND DERVISH HAVE BEEN MURDERED. A VORACIOUS WAVE OF UNSEEN VIOLENCE IS ERODING WHAT PASSES FOR MY LIFE. BUT I WILL NOT LET IT TAKE ME!

BAIR -1996-

I'M BACK, MY DEAR, TO REVISIT SOME OF OUR MORE UNPREDICTABLE "DRAMATIS PERSONAE," AS YOU WOULD CALL THEM. A BIT OF FUN--LORD KNOWS I NEED THAT, NOW! HAVE YOU WITNESSED THE FEROCITY WITH WHICH CATS TAKE THEIR MATES--THE SCREAMING, THE TEARING, THE BITING, THE FERAL, CONVULSIVE BEAUTY?

THEY COULD BE KILLING. WITH FELINES, THE PLEASURES OF CARNAL COUPLING ARE DESIGNED TO BE BLOODY, DESIGNED TO HURT. YOU'VE NO DOUBT NOTICED THIS DOESN'T COOL THE CATS ONE BIT. IF PANTHA WERE YOUR LOVER, YOU WOULD HAVE NEED OF NO OTHER. BUT WOULD YOU LIVE?

MY PRIMAL SISTER AND I ALWAYS PLAYED TOGETHER SO ROUGHLY--I PRAY IT WILL BE PLAY, AND NOT SLAUGHTER, WHEREVER SHE PROWLS TONIGHT.' I WONDER WHY I THINK OF HER NOW, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, AND WHY I KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT HER? NOT JUST ESCAPISM, SURELY. WILL WE MEET AGAIN? I KNOW I COULD USE HER ROUGH TOUCH RIGHT NOW, FOR MY TROUBLES SEEM TO GROW EACH NIGHT.

AND SPEAKING OF TROUBLE--YOU WERE WITH ME, AS ALWAYS, THROUGH THE VIOLENCE AND DECEPTION WE HAVE COME TO KNOW AS THE DRACULA WAR. LIKE EVERY PETTY DESPOT, DRACULA BELIEVED IN DESTINY--HIS DESTINY.

YOU REMEMBER HOW SURPRISED WE WERE A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN DRACULA EMBROILED EUROPE IN A MOCK WAR WITH A RUTHLESS COVERT GOAL: TO POPULATE THE WORLD WITH VAMPIRES? HOW, I WONDER NOW, DID HE SUPPOSE HIS EVER-GROWING MASTER RACE WAS GOING TO FIND ENOUGH FOOD? BY TURNING ON THEIR OWN KIND, IN SOME KIND OF PERVERTED CANNIBALISTIC DIABLERIE?

DESPERATE LOGIC CONVINCED DRACULA HIS PREDESTINED GOLDEN AGE OF VAMPIRES COULD NOT BE FULFILLED WITHOUT ME AT HIS SIDE. CLAIMING TO BE A FELLOW EXILE FROM DRAKULON. ONCE AGAIN THE FASCINATION, THE FORBIDDEN PULL HE HAD FOR ME, WAS THERE. BUT HE CAST MY MEMORIES OF MY ORIGIN INTO DEEPER DOUBT. HOW COULD THIS BE TRUE, AND YET, LIKE EVERYTHING DRACULA PROMISED, A LIE?

AND WHY IS IT EVERY TIME SOMEONE CLAIMS THEY WANT ME FOR HIS QUEEN, HE IS ACTUALLY SEEKING MY FEALTY--AS A SLAVE?

SMALL STILL

I'M GROWING RESTLESS, BUT I WILL TRY TO WRITE ONE MORE CHAPTER. MY MOTHER ALWAYS USED TO SAY, "WE ARE BORN IN A RUSH OF BLOOD, BLOOD IS LIFE, MOTHER, LOVER." LILITH, I AM CERTAIN, WAS NOT TALKING ABOUT THE BLOOD-WORK OF THAT PSYCHOKINETIC SOCIOPATH, HEMORRHAGE, WHO CLAIMS TORTURE AND MURDER ARE CREATIVE EXPRESSION, BLOOD IS MERELY A MEANS TO HIS ENDS-- HUMAN SUFFERING.

HIS UNIQUE GIFT COULD HAVE HEALED, OR AT LEAST GIVEN PLEASURE. GIVEN THE POWER TO SCULPT BLOOD INTO ANIMATED FORMS, MOST MEN WOULD SHAPE IT INTO A DREAM LOVER, AND GET LOST IN HER! BUT HEMORRHAGE LUXURIATES IN OTHER PLEASURES-- AS I FOUND WHEN I COULD NOT RESIST TASTING HIS BLOOD. WHEN I HELD HIM IN MY MOUTH, HIS MIND PIERCED MY OWN IN UNSPEAKABLE INTIMACY. IT WAS LIKE DRINKING ICHOR LACED WITH FECES AND INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH DRAIN CLEANER.

IN THE VIOLENT FUGUE, HE PREACHED-- "RECREATIONAL MURDER WILL BE THE SEX, DRUGS, AND ROCK AND ROLL OF THE NEW MILLENIUM." FEW BEINGS DESERVE EXTINCTION LIKE HEMORRHAGE

WHY AM I DWELLING ON THIS FILTH? IS HE SOMEHOW LINKED TO THE NYX OF MY NIGHTMARE? WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT? THE PAIN OF RENDERING HIM IN HERE MAKES ME WANT TO GO OUT AND KILL SOMETHING. UNTIL TOMORROW!

WHY AM I EVEN BOTHERING TO WRITE THIS, PENDRAGON? WHEN MISTRESS NYX SHOWS HERSELF I WILL KILL HER, AND HER FOLLOWERS AND NEVER SHOW YOU THESE VAIN STUMBLING PASSAGES! STILL, THE MORE I WRITE, THE MORE I DOUBT MY OWN MEMORIES! MY OWN LIFE SEEMS NOTHING MORE THAN RANDOM VIOLENCE SEWN UP IN A BIT OF PRETTY FICTION! EVERYTHING WAS SIMPLE... UNTIL I MET LILITH

LILITH, THE FIRST WOMAN, THE FIRST, SOME SAY, TO KNOW SIN-- AND HATRED. FOR REFUSING HER MATE, THE FIRST MAN, SHE WAS BANISHED TO A WORLD OF DARKNESS. AND THE DARKNESS WAS COMPOUNDED BY A FURTHER AFFLICTION. LILITH, THOUGH DAMNED, REMAINED IMMORTAL. I HAVE FOUND HER ECHOES IN MEDUSA, DELILAH, SELENE, SALOME, AND ALL THOSE THOUSANDS OF NAMELESS WITCHES BURNT TO ASH, DOOMED BY THEIR UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM.

IT SEEMS THAT IN THE TALES OF THIS WORLD, IT IS ALWAYS THE WIFE WHO SUFFERS WHEN A FALL FROM GRACE IS REQUIRED BY THE PLOT. BUT DON'T THINK THAT I FORGIVE LILITH. RATHER, I UNDERSTAND HER.

LILITH'S HATRED AND DESIRE FOR REVENGE GAVE BIRTH TO A PROGENY OF EVIL -- AND THE REST YOU KNOW. TO ATONE, TO REDEEM HER, SHE GAVE BIRTH TO ME, HER AVATAR. I NEVER ASKED FOR MY RESPONSIBILITIES. I CONFESS, DEAR PEN, I HAVE SOMETIMES CHAFED AGAINST THEM. IT IS A LONELY ROLE.

SATYR AND CIRCE! I HAVE NO PATIENCE FOR MY SELF-INDULGENCE! GIVE ME AN ENEMY I CAN FIGHT!

I JUST RE-READ MY LAST WORDS, PENDRAGON. OH, I GOT MY WISH. MISTRESS NYX. IN THE FLESH. I AM FORCING MYSELF TO BE CALM, TO WRITE -- I'M EXHAUSTED AND CONFUSED, AND FEAR I MAY NOT FINISH TELLING YOU WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW, BECAUSE **I MAY NOT LIVE THROUGH THE NIGHT.!**

SOMEONE HAS ALWAYS BEEN SHARPENING THE PROVERBIAL STAKE SINCE I FIRST WALKED ON THIS WORLD. BUT **THIS** THREAT MUST BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. I UNDERESTIMATED MISTRESS NYX WHEN SHE WAS NOTHING BUT A NIGHTMARE. THE EMBODIMENT OF SIN AND DARKNESS, SHE THREATENED TO REMAKE THE WORLD IN HER OWN IMAGE-- THE SAME OLD TUNE, RIGHT?

ONLY HOURS AGO, I TOLD MYSELF - "I MUST NOT GIVE IN TO DESPAIR I MUST NOT GIVE IN TO FEAR! IF NYX MAKES ME GIVE IN TO ANGER, SHE MAY BE ABLE TO DESTROY ME!" AND THEN... IT HAPPENED.

AFTER ALL, THE ARDENT IDOLATRY OF THE BIZARRE, BUT ESSENTIALLY FLAWED CULT OF CHAOS GAVE HER BIRTH; HOW COULD SHE BE DANGEROUS? BUTSHE IS! FOR THERE IS A CRUCIAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NYX AND THE CHAOTICIANS. THE CULT SQUANDERED THEIR ENERGY IN THEIR THEATRICAL GAMES-- BUT NYX FEEDS ON A NEARLY ENDLESS SOURCE OF POWER: **THE SUPERSTITION, ANGER, GREED AND FEAR OF HUMANITY.!**

I AM TRYING TO BREATHE SLOWLY, TO GET THROUGH THIS! I KEEP SHATTERING PENS! I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT ADAM, AND WHY IT IS SO IMPORTANT THAT YOU LEARN FROM MY FAILURE, PENDRAGON! I BEG OF YOU, MY FRIEND, BE PRESENT, LIVE IN OUR STEADFAST LOVE JUST A MOMENT LONGER... KEEP US ALIVE--I EMBRACED ADAM WITH ALL THAT I WAS! HE HAD WORSE FROM MISTRESS NYX.

IN HIS EYES, I ONCE TOLD ADAM, I COULD SEE FOREVER. NOW I HEAR THE SOUND OF HIS NECK SNAPPING. NOW I BURN WITH THE MEMORY OF NYX'S HORRID PLEASURE IN THE ACT! I KNOW I PROMISED NOT TO GIVE IN, BUT I CAN'T, PENDRAGON! I WANT TO OPEN MY LIPS TO TASTE MY LOVER, NOT THE VAMPIRE'S KISS THAT COULD DRAIN THE FLUSH FROM HIS CHEEK, BUT THE KISS OF THROBBING LIFE ITSELF... **AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN!**

I WANTED TO WALK THE WAY THAT LEADS TO LIFE! LET THE PEOPLE KNOW: DON'T SURRENDER TO YOUR BASEST DESIRES, OR THEY WILL BE YOUR FATE! **FOR ANYONE'S EVIL MAKES HER STRONGER!**

I CAN BEAT HER IF I DON'T GIVE IN TO HATRED--I AM TRYING TO CONTROL MYSELF! IF I SUCCUMB, PENDRAGON, IT WILL BE UP TO YOU! **I'M SORRY PENDRAGON I'M SORRY!**

ALL I WANT IS FOR NYX TO HURT THE WAY I'M HURTING NOW!

THUS, HER JOURNAL ENDED, AS HER LIFE HAD... ABRUPTLY, BRAVELY, DESPERATELY. BEFORE ITS TIME... BUT NOT IN VAIN.
I TORE MYSELF FROM HER DIARY'S SPELL, ANGRY, BUT CLEAR-HEADED. IN FACT, I WAS ACTUALLY SOBER.
MARK THAT OCCASION ON YOUR CALENDAR.
WHAT'S THE NEXT CHAPTER HEADING? DAMNED IF I KNOW.
MOURNING, I HAD WONDERED HOW ONE LONE FOOL MIGHT DARE TO ERECT A MONUMENT TO VAMPIRELLA. IN THE NEW ERA OF NYX, THAT WOULD CALL DOWN THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED.
BUT VAMPIRELLA DIDN'T WEASEL THIS BLESSEDLY BIZARRE BOOK INTO MY SANCTUM TO CULTIVATE MOLD AND DUST...
... SO LET HER MEMORIAL BE THE WORD OF HER FRIEND. HE IS ONE LONE FOOL ... BUT HE HAS A WORLD OF WORK AHEAD OF HIM!
AND SO, VAMPIRELLA, GOODNIGHT.

In Attendance:

Joe Gonzalez

For Harris Comics

PUBLISHER
Stanley Harris

EXECUTIVE PUBLISHER
Dennis S. Page

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER/ADVERTISING
Jonathan Rheingold

PRODUCTION & PROMOTIONS MANAGER
Stewart Morales

ART DIRECTOR
Mark Mazz

MANAGING EDITOR
David Bogart

DIRECT SALES COORDINATOR
Yoshi Aino

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT
Lin J. Leng

COVER ARTIST
Joe Jusko

ART & EDITORIAL INTERNS
Seth KoolKid Biederman
Tom T-Bone Figura
Jumbo Jamie Houchins
Christine Wendi Rocco

VAMPIRELLA: SAD WINGS OF DESTINY
is published by Harris Publications, Inc., 1115 Broadway, New York, NY 10010. © 1996, Harris Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part in any form. Printed in the USA. VAMPIRELLA ® and all prominent characters appearing herein and the likenesses thereof are trademarks of Harris Publications, Inc.
$3.95 US/$4.50 Canada First Printing / September 1996

VAMPIRELLA®

Sad Wings of Destiny

$3.95 US
$4.50 CANADA PRINTED IN USA

CBF

DIGITAL COMIC PRESERVATION

Your daily dose of high quality
scans & digital comix